

### The forlorne Traveller:

Whose first beginning was pleasure and joy,  
But his riotous spending wrought his decay,  
Hee tooke delight to spend and rore,  
And at the last dy'd very poore.  
To a dainty new Court Tunc.



**Y**ou young men that much pleasure have  
come lend an eare  
To me that once lived fine and brave,  
and boyd of all feare,  
For I had gold and silver plenty,  
With all things dainty,  
and then I did roze;  
But now alas I am growne poore,  
And not respected, but am rejected,  
woe is mee therefore.

My Parents were of good estate,  
and did maintaine  
Me soz to spend at any rate,  
which was but in vaine;  
They lov'd me meanes to spend and rebel,  
In courses evill;  
they such true love boze  
To me, but now, &c.

So to none nor City in England faire,  
but I have seene,  
And I doe meane soz to declare,  
whereas I have beene;  
And in each place my meanes consumed,  
Thus I presumed  
soz to spend and roze,  
But now alas I am, &c.

From London I to Gravesend went,  
with coine great store,  
To Canterbury in famous Kent,  
and many Townes moze,  
where I did meet with rozing Gallants,  
that spent their tallents,  
thus I company boze;  
But now alas, &c.

Sussex, Surrey, and Southampton,  
and Barkeshire too,  
Wiltshire, Dorsetshire and so on,  
as many more doe,  
Till all is spent and they sozaken,  
Then are they taken,  
with sorrow full soze,  
So is't with me, for I, &c.

Summerfetshire and Wiltshire,  
and Cornwall then,  
I trabel'd, as you now may heare,  
and then backe agen,  
Then Gloster, Hereford, and Worcester,  
Stafford and Chester,  
I ranged all oze,  
But now alas, &c.

My Host and Hostesses where I came,  
bid me welcome still,  
Saying, kind sir your selfe may claime,  
even what you will,  
You may but aske and have your pleasure,  
In any measure,  
dauce, sing, drinke and roze,  
But now alas, &c.

To Darby, Poole, and Lancashire,  
and to Comberland,  
Westmerland, Durram, then I did prepare  
to Northumberland,  
My money now being much wasted,  
I backward hasted,  
soz to fetch some moze;  
But now alas I am growne poore,  
And not respected, but am rejected,  
woe is me therefore.



## The second part. To the same tune.



**T**o Lether and to Potingham,  
I backe returned,  
So to Warwicke and Lincoln came,  
Whereas I sojourned,  
There did I wast away my treasure,  
Beyond all measure,  
yet still I did roze,  
But now alas I am growne poore.  
And nor respected, but am rejected,  
wee is me therefore.

Portfolke, Suffolke, and Cambridge to,  
and through Huntington,  
Portsmouth and Rutland also,  
Oxford, Buckingham,  
So I to Bedford, Hartford, Essex,  
Then to Middlesex,  
where I lived before,  
My friends soone dyed, then I, &c.

My friends being dead, my meanes I sold,  
and then did goe,  
With gallant sparkes of courage bold,  
against Englands foe,  
The Neptunes foaming floods we passed,  
And thus we traied  
to the forraigne shore,  
But now alas, &c.

Then in the exercise of Mars,  
wee lone were fride,  
Whereas our lucklesse fortune was,  
soone for to abide,  
Hunger and cold with bloody battell,  
The Drummes did rattell,  
and the Canons roze,  
From thence returned I, &c.

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London for F. Conles.

When I for England came againe,  
I tryed my friends,  
To see what meanes I could obtaine,  
but their friendship ends,  
They say I might have beene moze carefull  
My case is fearefull,  
which doth grieve me sore,  
For now alas, &c.

Once where ere I did come or goe,  
I still found friends,  
But now I cannot finde it so,  
having no meanes,  
They will not now so much as know mee,  
But doe forgoe mee,  
now from doze to doze,  
I'm faine to beg, &c.

Let this a warning be to all  
prodigall youth,  
Here you may now behold the fall,  
of him that the w<sup>th</sup>  
His carelesse and riotous spending,  
But now his ending  
is like to Iane Shore,  
For he was, &c.

Thus to conclude I will relate,  
of this pooze man,  
He dy'd in a wofull estate,  
as I understand,  
For in the open fields he dyed,  
Being denyed,  
to come within doze,  
Nay at the Brick. kills he was burned,  
And his flesh turned,  
to ashes all o're.

FINIS.

R. C.